February 1, 2025

B & O Railroad

From Baltimore's docks to the Ohio's flow,

Iron rails began to grow,

Across the land, a passage wide,

The B&O, a nation’s pride.

Through valleys green and mountains high,

Steam engines echoed, kissed the sky,

From humble start to grand ascent,

A path of steel, the future bent.

Its whistle's call, a promise clear,

Adventure, progress, drawing near,

The lifeblood of a bustling age,

In history’s tome, it wrote a page.

The wheels turned on through storm and night,

A beacon of the age of might,

Though time has passed, the tracks remain,

Echoes of the B&O train.